

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST

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APRIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARIE LOUISE.

"I tell you I do not love you,
Nay, look into my eyes—
But beware, beware, above you
Now laugh the April skies.

"When you find May-bloom in the snow,
Or ice in the rose's place,
Then I'll give you 'yes' for my 'no'—
What rest doth in my face?

"Dost spell con-fa-ction on my brow,
Sweet love tales in my eyes?
O skeptic! look, and tell me now
I'm like the April skies."

The gay girl knew no tears nor ruth—
O'er her blossoming, bright face,
Beauty's sun through the dews of youth
Shone with bewitching grace.

The merry mouth and tinted cheek,
The glance-returning eye
Foil the bold lover who would seek
To read that April sky.

"A truce, a truce," he humbly cries;
"Failest, I know to thee;
I'll trust no more to April skies,
They're false as false can be.

"My gracious queen, forgiveness deigns;
Grant only this one boon—
I'll breathe no word of love again;
(Until the month of June.)

THE LITTLE NEWS-BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY J. ALLEN.

PART I.

"Here's your 'Publican and Democrat.' All about the great fire. Latest news from Europe!"

The voice was a clear, childlike treble, and the owner of the voice, a boy of perhaps ten years, came rapidly up the street, making his way through crowds with an ease and courtesy peculiar to his craft—answering questions, "making change," and crying his papers, all in a breath.

Looking closely at him, you saw that he was a cripple. Not deformed in any way, but one arm seemed a trifle smaller than the other, and hung loosely at his side, paralyzed. I think people favored him on this account. Burly porters called to him as he passed along; ebony-hued barbers in irreproachable linen hailed him from the steps of basement saloons; brisk business-men paused on their way down town, to buy the morning paper.

"Here's yer 'Publican and D-e-mocrat.'

There were but two papers left now. The news-boy's morning task was almost done.

"I'll take them," said an elderly man, evidently from the country, who had been watching the little fellow for some minutes.

"Seems to me you're a little chap to be selling papers," remarked the tall man, by way of conversation, as he deposited his new purchases in the depths of a capacious pocket, and drew out a well-filled pocket-book, which looked like its owner—substantial and well-to-do. A kindly man, sensible and reliable—one look in his face would tell you that. One of those people with whom children and horses and dogs claim kinship readily.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy cheerfully. "I'm not very big, but I'm big enough to need a living, and this is the way I help to earn it."

The stranger glanced in surprise from the brave hopeful young face, to the poor, useless right arm of the boy before him.

"That's right, my son. You've got grit, I see. You ought to go to school, though, now while you're young, and then, when you grow to be a man, you could get into some good business."

"I always went till last winter. Sister Annie couldn't get much work to do, and the landlord raised on the rest, and everything got so dear that she couldn't get me good clothes to go to school; so she teaches me at home now, and in the mornings and evenings I sell papers."

"Do you and your sister support the family?"

"All the family are dead but Annie and me."

There was a whole history in these words, few and simple as they were. They revealed a new phase of life to this man, who, at sixty years of age, knew absolutely nothing of the straits to which thousands of the poor in cities like St. Louis are daily reduced. So he became deeply interested in this fragment of a story to which a city man would have listened with indifference.

"What is your name?" he inquired, after a pause.

"Charley Sheldon, sir."

"Well, Charley, how would you like to go and live in the country with me? I live a long way from here, in Ohio. It's a very different

place from this, of course. There's not so many sights to be seen, nor so much going on; but it's a mighty good place, for all, and I think you would like it. My wife and me haven't any children; there's nobody but ourselves and the farm hands. If you'll come and be my boy, we can give you plenty to eat, drink and wear; and when you get old enough I'll send you to college. What do you say?"

"Do you really mean it, sir?"

"Sarcitely I do. Will you go, if your sister consents?"

A bright, eager look flashed into the boy's face, and then died out again.

"Oh! I should be so glad to go—but Annie would be all alone. I can't go away and leave her."

"Don't be in a hurry about making up your mind. Take a little time to study on it. And now, if you'll show me where you live, I'll see what your sister thinks about it. We can't do anything about it without her consent, you know."

Through street after street they went, the news-boy and his new friend, until the good man was fairly bewildered. On and on, till they reached a miserable tenement, filled from cellar to attic with people of all ages and sizes—the families of working-men, some of them not remarkably clean, but nearly all Americans, and much more respectable in appearance than the foreigners who filled several other houses near by. Charley led the way up a flight of stairs, and into a room on the second floor, where a young girl sat sewing.

"Annie, this is a gentleman who wants me to go and live with him."

"My name is Woods, ma'am—Josiah Woods, at your service," amended that gentleman with a sort of rustic courtesy which had at least the merit of being sincere. Miss Sheldon bowed, and placed a chair for her visitor, who sat down and looked about him with the air of a man who feels that he has passed a trying ordeal, and is once more at liberty to breathe freely.

Now that the bargain is all made and every-thing settled, I may as well pay you part of your salary in advance. You'll need it, maybe, for travelling expenses and such like," saying which he handed her a little roll of bills. "I'll see to Charley's outfit and pay his way, of course."

A little more conversation followed, terms were agreed upon, and then Mr. Woods arose.

He did not tell her what he really thought, that her manners and way of speaking had convinced him that she was a lady and well educated, while Charley's cheerful and prompt obedience was the strongest possible proof of her ability to train other children.

A few smooth sentences in tones of bland condescension—"Permit me to present my nephew, Mr. Tracy, Miss Sheldon." And with a bow and smile intended to be gracious, the two ladies rustled down the aisle and out of the door to the carriage which stood in waiting, taking "my nephew" with them.

"What a singularly truthful, earnest face that Miss Sheldon has. She's proud, too, as a duchess. My good aunt's patronizing kindness made very little impression on her," was Frederic Tracy's mental soliloquy as he rode home beside Madge Holton.

The tears sprang to Annie's eyes as she thanked him and tried to express her gratitude, but he stopped her.

"If there's any gratitude in the case, I allow that we are the ones that ought to feel obliged, for we've got rid of the trouble of hunting for a teacher. Besides, I've taken a real fancy to this little brother of yours, and I see you won't be hard to me—I don't blame you either—so you must both live at my house—it's as near to the school as any—and I shall carry my point after all," with a genial laugh that was pleasant to hear.

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The young lady took occasion, as soon as she and her mother were safe within the house, to inquire, in a tone of vexation,

"Mamma, why did you introduce him to me?"

"Policy, my dear. He would have been sure to become acquainted with her in some way, and if he suspected that we had the shadow of a wish to prevent it, he would be deeply interested in her at once. Men are such contrary creatures."

Wherupon this model mother and daughter descended to the parlor and exerted themselves to the utmost—all in polite, feminine fashion, of course—to entertain and please this particular one of the "contrary creatures."

The next day Annie entered upon the discharge of her duties as a teacher. Her school consisted of some fifty girls and boys, ranging in their ages from five years to seventeen; and in all stages of progress with regard to studies, from little A, B, C, Darians up to three or four ambitious youths who aspired to study grammar and to cipher in fractions. This school had been in bad hands for nearly a year previously, the directors having unwisely put it in charge of a man who proved himself both inefficient and cowardly—a person whom neither man, woman, or child could by any possibility respect. The effect of long misrule and insubordination were strikingly apparent in the behavior and appearance of the scholars, most of whom were rude and boisterous in manner and not carefully dressed.

But Annie was a conscientious woman, as I told you, possessing a great deal of patience, some firmness, and a fair share of that invaluable quality, tact. Under her careful management things gradually came to wear a more promising aspect. Steady discipline prevailed over ignorance, idleness, and obstinacy, and order was slowly evolved from chaos.

The work was hard at first. More than one night the young teacher came home utterly exhausted and weak as a little child. Mrs. Woods remonstrated; advised her to "Take things easier and not kill herself." She always smiled at this, and bade *au revoir*.

It was Friday evening, the close of her first week of school-keeping, and with a glad heart Annie saw the last of her little subjects disappearing with nothing of the new, unfinished look peculiar to the West. The house, a substantial building of red brick, looked as if it had stood there always. The ancient well-sweep, green and mossy with age, seemed a relic of antiquity. The garden was full of old-fashioned flowers: lilacs and snowballs and pink and velvet marigolds, and roses clambered over the wide porch where Mr. Woods liked to sit in the early evening and smoke. Charley was delighted, and before the week was out had established a friendly acquaintance with every horse and cow and sheep and chicken on the farm. Then, when Sunday came, he straightened his face and went with the family to church; for farmer Woods, if not polished in his manners, was a God-fearing man, and every Sabbath himself and his wife were to be found in their pew in the little gray, stone church. But this morning a perfect battery of eyes were trained on our little party as it entered; for to the rustic portion of the congregation the arrival of a "new school ma'am" all the way from Saint Louis was an event of no little importance. And, then, as Charley said afterwards, "He didn't wonder they stared at us." She was pretty enough to be looked at." Truly the straw bonnet with its dainty, white ribbons, and the blue dress of some light, floating material were vastly becoming to the fair face and graceful, erect figure. Together they made a pretty enough picture.

Some one else thought so, too, judging from the admiring glance of a young man who sat in the squire's pew, directly opposite. I am not partial to blonde men; indeed I have no hesitation in saying that I greatly prefer dark hair and eyes; but even I could not choose but

admire the thick, golden-brown hair, vivid blue eyes, handsome, aristocratic face, and grand, high-bred air of Frederic Tracy. I think that most of the women whose hearts he won—and they were not few—began by admiring and ended by loving him.

"As to education, I was considered a good English scholar when I left Mrs. Willard's seminary, and I should be glad to take the situation if you think I could do justice to it. But, I must tell you that I have had no experience."

"I've no manner of doubt but you'll suit," said the man.

He did not tell her what he really thought, that her manners and way of speaking had convinced him that she was a lady and well educated, while Charley's cheerful and prompt obedience was the strongest possible proof of her ability to train other children.

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clear and low, seemed just suited to the sweet, mournful words and plaintive air, lingering tenderly on the last line.

"My last love, Leoline."

At the close he thanked her with a warmth that brought a faint blush to her cheeks. Other songs followed, all sung in a style which the city man with his cultivated taste could pronounce really fine and beautiful; but there were none that he liked as well as "Leoline," and the words

"Still we were friends, yet only friends," lingered in his mind as he bowed himself out an hour later, with a gay good-night; bearing with him a hearty invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Woods to come again.

This was just what he wanted. He did go again and again, usually contriving to see Annie, who sometimes received him graciously enough, but often with a cool civility highly expressive to the young man, who could not understand the indifference manifested toward himself by this girl, who was only a teacher, when his handsome cousin, Madge Holton, or any one of half a dozen others he could name would be proud of his attentions.

"Conceited" you call him. Perhaps you are right. But who made him so? Who taught him that vast wealth and a high name, such as he possessed, were sure passports to the favor of any woman less wealthy than himself? And when John had seen this social policy carried out by his own young lady acquaintances? Here, however, was an experience entirely new to him; a woman truthful and self-respecting, whose pure eyes he felt sure looked beyond the mere accident of his worldly position to the man behind it. Whether the man pleased her he could not tell. If she cared at all for him she guarded

who was coming hurriedly from the opposite direction—Miss Sheldon.

Such pretence lifted their hats in unfeigned recognition of a lady's presence, and Frederic Tracy going forward had his hand playfully on the plump, round neck of her horse.

"Annie, will you stop a moment and allow me to introduce an old friend of mine? Doctor Hadyn, Miss Sheldon."

"Doctor Hadyn? Is it possible?" said the sweet voice.

"I believe it is, Miss Annie," was the swift, smiling response with a ready hand to meet the small, generalized one extended to him in graceful cordiality. Then, more gravely, "I am glad to find that my little friend has not forgotten me." Simple, kindly words, nothing more; yet over all and through all was the subtle charm of this man's voice and manner—charms which made Doctor Hadyn's society a rare pleasure to all with whom he came in contact.

"I shall be forgetful indeed when I forget you," going back as she said it to a time, long ago, when Doctor Hadyn had attended Charley through a long and dangerous illness. If she should live a thousand years she could never forget how kind he was to them both during that time of trouble; nor how, when she offered him the little money she possessed in part payment for his services, he put it back, saying, "Do you think I would take the bread out of your mouth, my child?"

That very day he was called away to visit a dying sister in Kentucky, and she had never met him again till this hour. He was not changed a bit, she thought. His thirty-five years sat lightly upon him. There were people who called Doctor Hadyn "dissipated," and hinted darkly at heavy losses at play; but in her womanly judgment, prejudiced by gratitude, he was all that was good and noble—true friend. Meanwhile the doctor was saying to Frederic "You see I have had the honor of meeting Miss Sheldon before. We were acquainted in Saint Louis."

The three lingered together a few minutes in courteous, kindly talk. At parting, Doctor Hadyn said,

"May I come up after dinner, and talk over old times with you and Charley?"

"Certainly. We shall be glad to see you at any time."

The boy pouted, impatient at this short delay, started briskly away, and the two men continued their walk.

With rides and drives and rambles about the country the two weeks which Mrs. Holton's guests were to stay passed quickly away. Annie met them frequently in these expeditions, and once at church, and, although she did not visit at the great house, became acquainted with two of the party—Mrs. Hadyn and Mrs. Holmes. Doctor Hadyn called often at the farm house, sometimes accompanied by his wife, who had conceived a great liking for Annie.

Frederic Tracy came very seldom. Miss Holton kept him busy in attendance upon herself and her companions.

"It was a great bore, of course," he said to Annie, "but the boy—no brother, and I cannot refuse to serve her."

I am inclined to believe that the service required of him was not such a bore as he would have his pretty betrothed believe.

Almost any woman would have experienced some very disagreeable sensations at seeing her own affianced husband playing "galant cavalier" to the elegant belles in bewildering toilettes who graced Holton House with their presence. But Annie, absolutely true herself, was slow to suspect others—very slow to suspect any want of faith on the part of this man who was so dear to her. She believed in him thoroughly, and looked hopefully forward to the time when the gay visitors would be gone, and her lover all her own again.

It was arranged that Mrs. and Miss Holton should join the travelling party in their trip to the Lakes. The squire stoutly resisted all the importunities of his pleasure-loving wife and daughter to accompany them, declaring that "They might go, if they wished, but for himself he could find much more enjoyment at home with Nellie for a housekeeper—she was old enough to oversee the servants while her mother and sister were gone."

Nellie was his younger daughter, fourteen years of age, and as unlike her sister as it was possible for anyone to be.

It was the night but one before their intended departure. Farmer Woods' house was almost deserted. Mr. and Mrs. Woods had gone down to visit a sick neighbor; Dolly put on her bonnet as soon as her work for the evening was finished, saying she would "run over to see her mother, just across the field."

The farm-hands had separated to their respective places of abode, and Annie was left quite alone with her little brother. He had fallen asleep on a sofa, and Annie, having no one to talk to, employed herself in walking up and down the floor, trying by constant bodily exercise to keep off the depression that was stealing over her mind. Far away on the hill she could see Squire Holton's stately residence, its pillars gleaming white under the moon, and festal light streaming from every window. She remembered how Madge Holton had ridden by just before sunset, smiling and triumphant with Fred beside her, and his cold, stern look as he glanced toward the gate where she stood with Doctor Hadyn and Charley. Involuntarily the tears welled up to her eyes as she thought of it. She called herself "weak, foolish," as she brushed them away; but, foolish or not, the disagreeable impression remained.

Presently a step sounded on the gravelled walk outside—a step that she would know among a regiment—and Frederic Tracy came up the steps, pausing an instant at the door before entering, while the tear-stained face grew suddenly radiant, and two little, brown hands were extended in welcome. "Mr. Tracy took them in his own in a listless, mechanical sort of way, and looked down into the "bonnie walls of ey" raised so trustingly to his face.

"You're a fine sotress, Annie, but the play is above over."

She looked at him in bewilderment, utterly unable to comprehend the strange words.

"What do you mean, Fred?"

He laughed, a little, mournful laugh.

"That innocent air is quite thrown away on me. It may sound better with the next credulous fool that comes along, but I understand now, and can never marry you, for my wife, like Cœurs, must be above suspicion."

She trembled as if he had struck her, and clung to a chair for support.

Her step faltered at that. The hard, bitter look suddenly arose from it, and there was almost the old tenderness in his voice as he said,

"I spoke too roughly, Annie. I often do wrong myself, and should not consider you quite an innocent for this one sin."

He even bent forward to kiss her, but she drew further away, and walked unwillingly toward the staircase, putting out her hands like two switches of fingers blanched.

When Charley awoke, a little while after, he found himself alone. He went up to his sister's room, but the door was locked. "She has got tired of waiting, and gone to bed," was the conclusion he came to. "I'll sit up till they come."

The little watch had not long to wait. Dolly appeared directly, and soon after Mr. and Mrs. Woods returned. Then the house was closed for the night, and all sank to repose.

All but one, over whose head the moonlight fell whitely as she lay motionless on the bed where she had thrown herself without undressing, body and mind alike paralysed by the blow that had struck all the brightness and joy out of her life, and with it her faith in humanity, even her trust in God. Midnight came, two, four, six, eight o'clock, and still she lay in that deathly stupor.

Had Mrs. Wood known of it, she would have been greatly alarmed; but she thought that Annie had gone out early to sketch, as she often did, and so felt no uneasiness about her.

The perfume of flowers and a sound of voices came up from the garden where Mrs. Woods stood talking with Doctor Hadyn. She was saying,

"Yes, Josiah went very early to the station with a load of wheat. Charley went with him, and Annie is out with her sketch-book, I believe."

The slowly returning consciousness of the young girl the voices seemed faint and very far away. Even her own name had an unfamiliar sound, as if years had passed since she had heard it. All sense of pain was descended down to a dreamy languor—pleasant feeling as if she were drifting slowly away, away out of the world. Would nothing be able to rouse her?

Presently another sound broke the stillness of the summer morning—the quick, hard tramp of a horse ridden furiously. It came nearer and nearer, stopped at the garden gate.

"Hurry, doctor, for God's sake, to the depot. There has been a collision. You must go to me, ma'am, and Miss Sheldon. Charley is dreadfully hurt."

Without a word Doctor Hadyn sprang into his saddle and galloped away, while the messenger, a near neighbor, led his own dripping beast to the stable from whence he soon emerged with a pair of fresh horses which he proceeded to harness to a spring wagon, at the same urging all to hurry as there was no time to lose.

And Annie—I think she would have heard those words if she had been dead, lying there. She arose, and with swift motions arrayed herself in bonnet and shawl. In the lower hall Mrs. Woods met her with outstretched hands and panting eyes.

"My poor child! How can I tell you?"

"You need not. I know—I heard what he said."

Around her was sunshine, hot and molten. Among the boughs of a cherry tree out there in the yard a bird was singing loudly as if there were no such things as trouble and fear and sorrow in the world. The girl saw and heard it all—even the chirping of a grasshopper in the grass, and the white and crimson bloom of the portulaca at her feet. Every sense seemed alive to the most trivial sights and sounds, even while her soul was on the rack of a twofold agony. Not a word was spoken while the sympathizing neighbor drove with almost headlong speed to the scene of disaster.

The steaming, smoking wrecks of two trains of cars, the frightened screams of some of the passengers, and the groans of others were heard all over again.

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"I've thought sometimes, dear sister," he whispered, with his cheek against hers, "that you thought sometimes that you didn't love me as much as you used to. But I know, now, that you do." He lay back on the pillow exhausted by the effort of speaking, and the sister covered her eyes with her hands, trembling all over with an anguish whose depth and bitterness only God might know. A faint smile flickered over the face on the pillow as he said, "I dreamed last night, Annie, that we lived in Saint Louis again."

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"Hurry, doctor, for God's sake, to the depot. There has been a collision. You must go to me, ma'am, and Miss Sheldon. Charley is dreadfully hurt."

Without a word Doctor Hadyn sprang into his saddle and galloped away, while the messenger, a near neighbor, led his own dripping beast to the stable from whence he soon emerged with a pair of fresh horses which he proceeded to harness to a spring wagon, at the same urging all to hurry as there was no time to lose.

And Annie—I think she would have heard those words if she had been dead, lying there.

She arose, and with swift motions arrayed herself in bonnet and shawl. In the lower hall Mrs. Woods met her with outstretched hands and panting eyes.

"My poor child! How can I tell you?"

"You need not. I know—I heard what he said."

Around her was sunshine, hot and molten.

Among the boughs of a cherry tree out there in the yard a bird was singing loudly as if there were no such things as trouble and fear and sorrow in the world. The girl saw and heard it all—even the chirping of a grasshopper in the grass, and the white and crimson bloom of the portulaca at her feet. Every sense seemed alive to the most trivial sights and sounds, even while her soul was on the rack of a twofold agony. Not a word was spoken while the sympathizing neighbor drove with almost headlong speed to the scene of disaster.

The steaming, smoking wrecks of two trains of cars, the frightened screams of some of the passengers, and the groans of others were heard all over again.

It was arranged that Mrs. and Miss Holton should join the travelling party in their trip to the Lakes. The squire stoutly resisted all the importunities of his pleasure-loving wife and daughter to accompany them, declaring that "They might go, if they wished, but for himself he could find much more enjoyment at home with Nellie for a housekeeper—she was old enough to oversee the servants while her mother and sister were gone."

Nellie was his younger daughter, fourteen years of age, and as unlike her sister as it was possible for anyone to be.

It was the night but one before their intended departure. Farmer Woods' house was almost deserted. Mr. and Mrs. Woods had gone down to visit a sick neighbor; Dolly put on her bonnet as soon as her work for the evening was finished, saying she would "run over to see her mother, just across the field."

The farm-hands had separated to their respective places of abode, and Annie was left quite alone with her little brother. He had fallen asleep on a sofa, and Annie, having no one to talk to, employed herself in walking up and down the floor, trying by constant bodily exercise to keep off the depression that was stealing over her mind. Far away on the hill she could see Squire Holton's stately residence, its pillars gleaming white under the moon, and festal light streaming from every window. She remembered how Madge Holton had ridden by just before sunset, smiling and triumphant with Fred beside her, and his cold, stern look as he glanced toward the gate where she stood with Doctor Hadyn and Charley. Involuntarily the tears welled up to her eyes as she thought of it. She called herself "weak, foolish," as she brushed them away; but, foolish or not, the disagreeable impression remained.

Presently a step sounded on the gravelled walk outside—a step that she would know among a regiment—and Frederic Tracy came up the steps, pausing an instant at the door before entering, while the tear-stained face grew suddenly radiant, and two little, brown hands were extended in welcome. "Mr. Tracy took them in his own in a listless, mechanical sort of way, and looked down into the "bonnie walls of ey" raised so trustingly to his face.

"You're a fine sotress, Annie, but the play is above over."

She looked at him in bewilderment, utterly unable to comprehend the strange words.

"What do you mean, Fred?"

He laughed, a little, mournful laugh.

"That innocent air is quite thrown away on me. It may sound better with the next credulous fool that comes along, but I understand now, and can never marry you, for my wife, like Cœurs, must be above suspicion."

She trembled as if he had struck her, and clung to a chair for support.

Her step faltered at that. The hard, bitter look suddenly arose from it, and there was almost the old tenderness in his voice as he said,

"I spoke too roughly, Annie. I often do wrong myself, and should not consider you quite an innocent for this one sin."

He even bent forward to kiss her, but she drew further away, and walked unwillingly toward the staircase, putting out her hands like two switches of fingers blanched.

When Charley awoke, a little while after, he found himself alone. He went up to his sister's room, but the door was locked.

"She has got tired of waiting, and gone to bed," was the conclusion he came to. "I'll sit up till they come."

The little watch had not long to wait. Dolly appeared directly, and soon after Mr. and Mrs. Woods returned. Then the house was closed for the night, and all sank to repose.

All but one, over whose head the moonlight fell whitely as she lay motionless on the bed where she had thrown herself without undressing, body and mind alike paralysed by the blow that had struck all the brightness and joy out of her life, and with it her faith in humanity, even her trust in God.

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the brawny soldiers, to whom we all owe what we have gained of victory, through the guidance of the man who lies dead to-day, where yesterday he walked in the pride of health and strength and triumph!

I could see him stooping his tall form to greet little children, whom he loved as little children. And again, as the blaze of lights made brilliant a royal scene, when he walked through the Patent Office on the night of the grand ball. All, all, came up like a dream before me, while the gloom of bereavement settled over the city, and the sad insignia of grief hung all over the great metropolis, where the bright flags so lately fluttered.

Strong men wept in the streets, women sobbed in their chambers, and little children moved about with hushed voices, with badges of mourning upon their little shoulders.

Alas! for our President dead! Alas! for the sorrowing wife and children! Alas! for America!

Our dear President is gone from our land and its work forever! But not from our hearts! Oh, no! Never, never can that be! Since the days of Washington, no man has ever been so universally mourned.

God help us! He is gone, gone forever!

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

PLAYING-BY FIRELIGHT.

Musing, musing, over the keys,
How my fingers tremble;
Like the birds in the swaying trees,
Winged thoughts assemble.

Oh! the tune that I used to know,
When my love sat singing;
How the melody, sweet and low,
Round my heart is clinging.

Does he sing in the mermaid's cave,
Where their green wither bind,
Underneath the glistening wave?
Oh! if songs could find him;

I would sit by the shore and sing,
All the echoes waking;
Till he should come, my lord, my king,
To save my heart from breaking.

SADIE.

LEE'S ARMY.—An army correspondent of the New York Daily Times furnishes the following account of Lee's army in the late campaign:

I had an estimate made by one of Gen. Hill's (or Longstreet's) staff, and, as it is no doubt a very fair one, I append it: Ewell's corps, 7,000; Longstreet's command, 6,000; Hill's corps, 12,000; Anderson's corps, 9,000; Gordon's corps, 7,000; artillery, 5,500; cavalry (two divisions), 5,500; locals (Austin Lee's command) 4,000. Total, 56,000. In addition to these can be added:—Teamsters and train men, 2,000; detailed men, 3,000; other non-combatants, 5,000; or, in other words, the total strength of Lee's army was 67,000 men. Of these we have captured nearly 40,000 men during the campaign in actual combat, and on Sunday the army surrendered by Lee was 22,000. As a matter of course, the casualties must be larger than 5,000. However, this is not much out of the way. Without going into any statement of our forces, I may venture to say that the number of our troops actually engaged in the pursuit of Lee was not over 75,000 men. Of course our reserves would swell this figure considerably, but no occasion arose for their employment, except to hold the evacuated cities of Richmond and Petersburg.

AN ENGLISH CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The receipt came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness, that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite.

The receipt, which he afterward published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows:—Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; pepper-mint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY.—The following paragraph is from a special dispatch from Washington to the World: "The clerks at the National Hotel are positive as to two roughly-dressed men calling twice for Booth on Friday. One of these men is believed to be Burratt, of Maryland, and the other a Spaniard, of this city, named Zelstine. Both of these men were here that day, and now neither can be found. It is thought here that the assassination was planned for two weeks ago, and that the murder of Provost Marshal Watkins, in Prince George county, and the seizure of the steamer Harriet Deford, were parts of the scheme that were then carried out, while the rest of it failed. About that time the clerks of the National Hotel note that Booth was in the habit of receiving a dozen or two letters daily. Had they not been post-marked at insignificant towns in lower Maryland, the fact would never have excited suspicion.

A NEW JERSEY STOCK COMPANY.—In a town in the south of England, some youths have formed themselves into a joint stock company for breeding and selling pigeons. A pair of these birds breed eight or ten times in the course of the year, and have two at a brood. Their keep costs about 1d. a week each; they will fetch 1d. each for the table when a month old, and there is always a demand for them. Fancy pigeons fetch a much higher price. The stock consists of about twenty pairs (pigeons are monogamous), which produces nearly 400 birds a year. Not long since the company declared a dividend of ten per cent. The tumber pigeons, which roll over and over in the air, are wisely called the company's rolling stock.

FANCY DRESS.—At a recent Parisian ball a lady appeared in the costume of a heathen goddess, and, to render the dress more classically correct and striking, the fair and buxom dame appeared in Nature's stockings, from the bottom of the tufts downwards. Sandals she wore, and no more. It was considered quite a success!

THE FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The following account of the lying in state at the White House, by a correspondent of the N. Y. World, is, as a whole, one of the best we have seen:

APPEARANCE OF THE CORPSE.

Death has fastened upon his frozen face all the character and idiosyncrasy of life. It has not changed one line of his grave, grotesque countenance, nor smoothed out a single feature. The hue is rather bloodless and leaden, but he was always sallow. The dark eyebrows were abruptly arched; the beard, which will grow no more, is shaved close, save the tuft at the short, small chin.

The mouth is shut, like that of one who had put the foot down firm, and so are the eyes, which look as calm as slumber. The collar is short and awkward, turfed over the stiff elastic cravat, and whatever energy, or humor, or tender gravity, marked the living face, is hardened into its pulseless outline. No corselet in the world is better prepared according to appearance. The white satin around it reflects sufficient light upon the face to show us that death is really there; but there are sweet roses and early magnolias, and the balminess of lilles, strown around, as if the flowers had begun to bloom even upon his coffin. We look on uninterrupted, for there is no pressure, and hence forward the place will be thronged with gazers who will take from the sight its suggestiveness and respect. Three years ago, when little Willie Lincoln died, Drs. Brown and Alexander, the embalmers or injectors, prepared his body so handsomely that the President had twice deferred to look upon it. The same men, in the same way, have made perpetual these belowed liniments. There is now no blood in the body; it was drained by the jugular vein and sacredly preserved, and through a cutting on the inside of the thigh the empty blood-vessels were charged with a chemical preparation which soon hardened to the consistency of stone. The long and bony body is now hard and stiff, so that beyond its present position it cannot be moved any more than the arms or legs of a statue. It has undergone many changes. The scalp has been removed, the brain scooped out, the chest opened, and veins emptied. All this we see of Abraham Lincoln, so cunningly contemplated in this splendid coffin, is a mere shell, an effigy, a sculpture. He lies in sleep, but it is the sleep of marble. All that made this flesh vital, sensitive, and affectionate, is gone forever.

THE WATCHERS.

The officers present are Generals Hunter and Dyer, and two staff captains. Hunter, compact and dark and reticent, walks about the empty chamber in full uniform, his bright buttons and sash and sword contrasting with his dark blue uniform, gauntlets upon his hands, cravat on his arm and blade, his corded hat in his hand, a paper collar just apparent above his velvet tips, and now and then he speaks to Captain Nessmuth or Captain Dewars, of General Harding's staff, rather as one who wishes company than one who has anything to say. His two silver stars upon his shoulder shine dimly in the draped apartment. He was one of the first in the war to urge the measures which Mr. Lincoln afterward adopted. The aids walk to and fro, selected without reference to any association with the late President. Their clothes are rich; their swords wear mourning. They go in silence; everything is funeral. In the dimly draped mirrors strange mirages are seen, as in the coffin scene of "Lucretia Borgia," where all the ducky perspectives bear vistas of gloomy palls. The upholsterers make timid noises of driving nails and spreading tapestry; but, save ourselves and these few watchers and workers, only the dead is here.

FORMING THE LINE.

As we sit brooding, with the pall straight before us, the funeral guns are heard indistinctly booming from the far fort, with the tap of drums in the serrated street without, where troops and citizens are forming for the grand procession. We see through the window in the beautiful spring day that the grass is brightly green, and all the trees in blossom show us through their archways the bronze and marble statues breaking the horizon. But there is one at an upper window, seeing all this through her tears, to whom the beautiful noon, with its wealth of zephyrs and sweets, can wait no gratulation. The father of her children, the confidant of her affection and ambition, has passed from life into immortality, and lies below, dumb, cold, mummured. The feeling of sympathy for Mrs. Lincoln is as wide-spread as the regret for the Chief Magistrate. Whatever indiscretions she may have committed in the abrupt transition from plainness to power are now forgiven and forgotten. She and her sons are the property of the nation, associated with its truest glories and its worst bereavement.

THE MOURNERS.

By and by the guests drop in, hat in hand, wearing upon their sleeves waving crapes, and some of them slip up to the coffin to carry away a last impression of the fading face. But the first accession of force is that of the clergy, sixty in number. They are devout-looking men, darkly attired, and have come from all the neighboring cities to represent every denomination. Five years ago these were wrangling over slaves as a theological question, and at the beginning of the war it was hard, in many of their bodies, to carry loyal resolutions. To day there are here such sincere mourners as Robert Patterson, of the Methodist church, who passed much of his life among slaves and masters. He and the rest have come to believe that the President was wise and right, and follow him to grave, as the Apostles interred on Calvary. All these retire to the south end of the room, facing the feet of the corpse, and stand there silently to wait for the coming of others. Very soon this East Room is filled with the representative intelligence of the entire nation. The Governors of States stand on the dais next to the head of the coffin, with the varied features of Curtis, Brough, Fenton, Stone, Ogleby, and Ingraham. Behind them are the Mayors and Councilmen of many towns, paying their last respects to the representative of the source of all municipal freedom. To their left are the corporate officers of Washington, zealous to make this day's funeral honors stony for the shame of the assassination. With these are sprinkled many scoured and worthy soldiers who have borne the burden of the grand war, and stand before this shape they loved in quiet civil reverence.

Men used to the presence of death. Still further down the steps and closer to the

catafalque rest the familiar faces of many of our greatest generals—the manly features of Augur, whose blood I have seen trickling forth upon the field of battle; the open, almost bearded countenance of Halleck, who has often talked of sieges and campaigns with this homely gentleman who is going to the grave. There are many more bright stars twinkling in contiguous shoulder bars, but sitting in a chair upon the lowlydome is Ulysses Grant, who has lived a century in the last three weeks, and comes day to day to add the lustre of his iron face to this thrilling and saddened picture. He wears white gloves and mask, and is swarthy, nervous, and almost tearful, his feet crossed, his square receding head turning now here, now there, his treble constellation blazing upon the left shoulder only, but hidden on the right, and I seem to read upon his compact features the indurate and obstinate will to fight, on the line he has selected, the honor of the country through any peril, as if he had sworn it by the stain of his bier—his state fellow, parent, and friend. Here also is General McClellan, who has scanned the rebellious South with military roads to send victory along them, and bring back the groaning and the scoured. These and the rest are grand historic figures. They have looked so often into the mortal's mouth that no brave's blade can make them wince. Do you see the thin-haired, conical head of the viking Farragut, close by General Grant, with many naval heroes close behind, storm-beaten, and every inch American in thought and physiognomy?

THE FOREIGN BODIES.

What think the foreign ambassadors of such men, in the light of their own overloaded bodies, where meaningless orders, crosses, and ribbons shine dimly in the funeral light? These legions number, perhaps, a hundred men, of all civilized races, the Sardinian envy, jetty-eyed, towering above the rest. But they are still and respectful, gathered thus by a slain ruler, to see how worthy is the Republic he has preserved. Whatever sympathy these have for our institutions, I think that in such audience they must have been impressed with the futility of any thought that either one citizen right or one territorial inch can ever be torn from the United States. Not to speak disparagingly of these double guests, I was struck with the superior facial energy of our own public servants, who were generally larger, and brighter-faced, born of that aristocracy which took its patent from Tubal Cain and Abel the goatherd, and graduated in Abraham Lincoln. The Haytian minister, swarthy and fiery-faced, is conspicuous among these.

THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.

But nearer down, and just opposite the catafalque so that it is perpendicular to the direction of vision, stand the central powers of our Government, its President and counsellors. President Johnson is facing the middle of the coffin upon the lowest step; his hands are crossed upon his breast, his dark clothing just revealing his plaited shirt, and upon his fall, shaven face, broad and severely compact, two telling gray eyes rest undignified a thoughtful brow, whose turning hair is straight and smooth. Beside him are Vice President Hamlin, whom he succeeded, and Ex-Governor King, his most intimate friend. The Cabinet are behind, as if arranged for a daguerreotype. Stanton, short and quicksilver, in long goates and glasses, in stunted contrast to the tall and snow-tipped shape of Mr. Welles. With the rest, practical and attentive, and at their side is Chief Justice Chase, high, dignified, and handsome, with folded arms, listening, but undemonstrative, a half foot higher than any spectator, and dividing with Charles Sumner, who is near by, the preference for manly beauty in age. With Mr. Chase are other justices of the Supreme Court, and to their left, near the feet of the corpse, are the reverend Senators, representing the oldest and the newest states—splendid faces, a little worn with early and later toils, backed up by the high, classical features of Colonel Forney, their secretary. Beyond are the representatives and leading officials of the various departments, with a few odd folks like George Francis Train, exquisite as ever, and, for this time only, with nothing to say.

HONORABLE FRIENDS AROUND THE BIER.

Close by the corpse sit the relatives of the deceased, plain, honest, hardy people, typical as much of simplicity of our institutions as of Mr. Lincoln's self-made eminence. No blood relatives of Mr. Lincoln were to be found. It is a singular evidence of the poverty of his origin, and therefore of his exceeding good report, that, excepting his immediate family, none answering to his name could be discovered. Mrs. Lincoln's relatives were present, however, in some force. Dr. Lyman Beecher Todd, General John B. S. Todd, C. M. Smith, Esq., and Mr. N. W. Edwards, the late President's brother-in-law. Plain, self-made people were here and were sincerely affected. Captain Robert Lincoln sat during the services with his face in his handkerchief weeping quietly, and little Tad, his face red and heated, cried as if his heart would break. Mrs. Lincoln, weak, worn, and nervous, did not enter the East Room, nor follow the remains. She was the Chief Magistrate's lady yesterday; to-day a widow bearing only an immortal name. Among the neighbors of the late President, who came from afar to pay respect to his remains, was one gentleman who left Richmond on Sunday. I had been upon the boat with him and heard him in hot wrangle with some officers who advised the summary execution of all rebel leaders. This the old man opposed, when the firing against him became so intense that he was compelled to retire. He counseled mercy, good faith, and forgiveness. To-day, the men who had called him a traitor, saw him among the family mourners, bent with grief. All these are waiting in solemn lines, standing erect, with a space of several feet between them and the coffin, and there is no bustle nor unseemly curiosity, not a whisper, not a footfall—only the collected nation looking with awed hearts upon eminent death.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF HIS LIFE.

Four years ago President Lincoln, when present at the raising of the national flag at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, uttered these words:

"I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was something in the Declaration of Independence, giving liberty, not only to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance."

Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon

that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be annihilated upon this spot rather than to surrender it."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the well-known painter of "The Emancipation Proclamation Before the Cabinet," has written a note in reference to a poem much admired by Mr. Lincoln. He says: "I have been urged by several friends to send you the enclosed poem, written down by myself, from Mr. Lincoln's lips; and although it may not be new to all of your readers, the events of the last week give it now a peculiar interest."

"The circumstances under which this poem was written are these:—I was with the President, alone one evening, in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the 11th inst. A cabinet meeting was held on Friday evening, at which the action of General Sherman was disapproved by the Secretary of War, by General Grant, and by every member of the Cabinet. General Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities, and he was directed to issue instructions to General Grant on the 3rd of March by President Lincoln, which were approved by President Johnson, and were ordered to govern the action of military commands.

General Sherman sent to the War Department on Friday an agreement entered into with General Joe Johnston for the suspension of hostilities, and a memorandum of what is called a basis of peace which had been entered into on the 11th inst. A cabinet meeting was held on Friday evening, at which the action of General Sherman was disapproved by the Secretary of War, by General Grant, and by every member of the Cabinet. General Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities, and he was directed to issue instructions to General Grant on the 3rd of March by President Lincoln, which were approved by President Johnson, and were ordered to govern the action of military commands.

General Sherman issued a special field order on the 19th inst., from Raleigh, N. C., announcing a suspension of hostilities, and defining the lines of the two armies.

Lieutenant General Grant reached Fortress Monroe on the 21st instant, and sailed in the Alhambra to take command in North Carolina.

Gen. Canby reports that he found in Mobile and its defenses on the west side of the bay over 150 guns, a large amount of ammunition and supplies, about 1,000 prisoners, and it is estimated 30,000 bales of cotton.

Gen. Hancock reports that nearly all of Moseby's command, including officers, have surrendered. Moseby is still at large, and is being hunted by some of his men for a reward of \$2,000.

Secretary Seward is rapidly improving. Gen. Seward has undergone another removal of fragments of bone.

Jeff. Davis is reported to have arrived at Augusta.

MR. JOHNSON'S FAMILY.

Mr. Johnson's family resides at present in Nashville, Tenn., and consists of his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. His son Robert is twenty-nine, and Andrew Johnson, Jr., is twelve years of age. His two daughters, with their families, also reside in Nashville, having been driven from their homes in Eastern Tennessee. One of Mr. Johnson's sons, Charles, a surgeon in the army, was thrown from his horse in the year 1863 and killed, and Colonel Stover, a son-in-law, commanding the Fourth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, was killed in the battle of Nashville, while gallantly leading his command, on the 18th of December, 1864. Judge Patterson, who is also a son-in-law of the President, lives in Nashville. Mrs. Johnson has been in very delicate health for some time past, and it is probable Mrs. Colonel Stover will preside over the Presidential household.

THE LATE PRESIDENT AND HIS ASSASSIN.

The personal relations existing before the murder between Booth and the President, augment the horror of the occurrence. Mr. Lincoln saw Booth play more than once, and particularly admired him. He once applauded him rapturously, and with all that genial heartiness for which he was distinguished. Booth, when told of the President's delight, said to his informant that he would rather have the applause of a negro. The President had never spoken with Booth, but wished to make his acquaintance, and said so. Booth avoided the interview, yet he knew Mr. Lincoln thoroughly well so far as his whereabouts and appearance were concerned, but never appreciated the President's good nature and personal benevolence.—*N. Y. World.*

ELECTRIC BELLS.

These are used in large

Parisian hotels. Some of them are so constructed, that after the button is touched they continue sounding until stopped by the servant, by

which means it is known when the bell is an-

swered; for though it may be situated at such

a distance from the apartment that the sound is

not audible there, a small needle, or index hand,

TO ONE BELOVED.
BY DELLA E. SPENCER.

I am weeping, weeping, weeping
On the time when first we met,
Down beside the sparkling waters
Here the gossips men had set.
Unto this old time had given
Manhood's beauty, manhood's grace,
But to me the sole possession,
Of a childlike heart and face.

Then you looked upon me, darling.
As you'd look upon a flower,
Growing up in simple freshness
In a lonely woodland bower.
But I looked upon thee, dearest,
As the little creeping vine
Looks up to the lofty elm,
Where its tendrils may entwine.

Oh, my husband, may these tendrils
Ever round thee strongly twine,
And thine own pure, deep affection,
Like bright sunbeams o'er me shine.
And when Life's fair paths are trodden,
And our hearts from Earth are riven,
Would that we might pass together,
To a happy home in Heaven.

OTTOKA;
OR, TWICE RESCUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.

"So you are soon to leave us again; returning, I presume, to your last love?"

It was towards midnight, and at a gay, festive party assembled in the spacious parlors of one of Hobomack's wealthiest citizens, that the above query was made. The speaker was Miss Eunice Van Arden—a very beautiful and accomplished young lady of twenty-one years, said to be worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and having a fair prospect of inheriting a fortune double that amount from her uncle, Gen. Simon Van Arden, who was childless, and had adopted her as his daughter.

"Yes, Miss Van Arden, I shall set my face westward again to-morrow."

"To take to the forest again, sir?"

"Yes—since the government has turned me over to the surveyor-general's department, and he affords me no surveying to do—why, you see, Miss Van Arden, it devolves entirely upon myself to find some means of preventing the time from dragging, and myself becoming quite a drone."

"And so you take to the woods and become a savage entirely."

"Does it follow as a natural sequence that forest life makes a barbarian of one?"

"Not always, Captain Clinton. There are exceptions to all general rules, you know. Now there is one of our western savages, born, nurtured, and living untutored in the woods, who, by instinct, one of Nature's noblemen."

"And I have another model from the same source, Miss Van Arden. A true friend, a more magnanimous enemy, a kinder heart, or nobler nature, is not to be found on this earth."

"Indeed! the summed up virtues of your model savage correspond with those of my own. To what particular western tribe does your paragon belong?"

"To the Ottoways of the Miami, Miss Van Arden."

"That is singular. Mine is of the same nation. What is the name of your herb?"

"Ottoka."

"The brave Ottoway chief! Why, Captain Clinton, we have lost one forest gentleman by your naming the good Ottoka as your friend. He is also mine. So the second Indian paragon becomes a myth."

"Not quite, my dear Miss Van Arden. I know other savages, who, though not quite Ottokas, are still well worth admiration and respect."

"No doubt, sir, there are many other noble Indians. But there is no other Ottoka in this world—at least no one that I shall ever esteem as such. Twice has that brave, noble Indian laid me under obligations I can never repay. The first of his friendly offices was in favor of my father alone. In the second act of heroic daring both my father and myself were alike his debtors for our lives. We were returning from Fort Wayne towards Lake Erie, passing down the Maumee in a batteau, when, by the mismanagement of our boatmen, the frail craft was overturned in the middle of the river half a mile above the Miami rapids, and clinging to the floating boat we were fast drifting down into the whirling vortex of the mad rapids, where death would have been inevitable."

"The noble Ottoka, whose village was on the bank of the river nearly opposite where the accident occurred, leaped into his light canoe of birch-bark, and with vigorous strokes sent it flying like a swift-winged bird to our rescue. Overtaking us, when within fearful proximity to the head of the rapids, with stalwart arm he drew us one by one into the canoe, and then, as the current was too strong for him to stem it, by a dexterous movement he whirled the bow of his canoe down stream, driving it flying with almost an arrow's velocity down in among the black, jagged rocks and broken, rushing water of the rapids, guiding with consummate skill his flitting craft through a thousand perils that seemed to us unavoidable destruction until the fearful rapids were passed, and the noble Indian landed us in safety five miles below the scene of our disaster."

"Nothing would the brave Ottoka receive in compensation for the great service he had rendered us, and he almost grew angry when my father named his acceptance of a hundred dollars. Towards myself he was more compliant, and after much persuasion I prevailed on him to accept from me my watch and a diamond ring, both of which, he assured me in his halting English, he should wear upon his person while he lived."

"That far the Ottoway chief has kept his word, Miss Van Arden, for on the last night I passed with him—now some two months since, I say the watch, with the ring, attached to the chain, just as I had seen it a hundred times before. Very frequently in our familiar conversations, beside our campfire—for many a day have Clinton and I tramped the forest together, and many a night slept side by side at the same campfire—had the brave chief related to me the incidents of that scene at the Miami rapids, and always the dusky warrior loves to linger in

his praises of his beautiful Wampeskahto, *White Fawn*, as he has named Miss Eunice Van Arden. I have long been familiar with all the particulars of that thrilling incident."

"Indeed, Captain Clinton! And why, pray, have you not mentioned the circumstances to me?"

"Do you happen to remember, Miss Van Arden, that our acquaintanceship is but three days old?"

"Indeed, Captain Clinton! And why, pray, have you not mentioned the circumstances to me?"

"Ah—I beg your pardon, sir. But in your return to the West, Captain; will you probably perform our mutual friend Ottoka?"

"That moment that the animal remained stationary made known to us the rider—

"Eunice Van Arden!" I almost yelled.

"White Fawn!" cried the red warrior, and both instantly rushed forward to the rescue.

I was younger and fleet of foot than Ottoka and left him behind. My hand grasped the curvilinear of the frantic brute on the very verge of the ledge. In an instant he made a mad plunge, and we went down—man and horse, and helpless rider—into the black eddying current of the swollen Tippecanoe."

"Fortunately neither the lady nor myself were seriously injured, and having freed her from the saddle, my next consideration was her safety. As it is, we shall probably protract our hunt until the middle of August."

"And this is early May. It is possible enough," mused Miss Van Arden, in an undertone. And then she suddenly inquired—

"Captain, what will be your Post-office address, while in the Wabash Valley?"

"Indeed, that is a question I am unable to answer you. I know nothing of the country, or any of its settlements."

"Well; upon your arrival, will you favor me with your address?"

"Most certainly, with great pleasure, if you wish it."

"I do, sir. And now, Captain Clinton, will you do me a very great favor?"

"Undoubtedly, Miss Van Arden; a great many of them, if you will but tell me how."

"Thank you—but I will ask only one at present. That one is, that you will become the bearer of a letter to Ottoka, and also of my picture, and some trifling remembrances, which I have for a good while been waiting an opportunity to transmit to my red friend. I am so glad of such a chance—to send by the hand of a mutual friend."

"The commission shall be faithfully executed. I will call for the articles to-morrow before noon. Good-night, Miss Van Arden. And the interview was terminated."

In those days, distance had not succumbed to iron horses so generally as it has to-day, and it was the middle of June when the chief of the Ottoways and myself, had established our hunting headquarters on the Tippecanoe, some fifteen miles from its junction with the Wabash, and in the neighborhood of Harrison's famous battle ground.

Then began our hunting life. Six weeks glided by, and with the excitement of the chase, our fishing excursions, the social evenings beside our camp-fire, the sound, refreshing slumber, and all the ideal of a free, roving, forest life, with the noblest of all Nature's red men for a companion, I had never passed six weeks of life so delightfully.

Often we conversed of the *White Fawn*, and Ottoka had fixed her picture to his watch-chain, and always wore it next his heart.

I had written to Miss Van Arden, both for myself and Ottoka, soon after having established our home in the wilderness; but the letter had been two weeks in reaching her, and her reply, which was written on the day that ours were received, did not come to us until about the first of August. In her letter, Miss Van Arden announced her intention to set out within twenty-four hours, on a journey to visit some relatives in the West; but as there were no specifications, it was just nothing at all that we knew of her destination, or when she proposed to return home.

I think it was a week after the reception of Miss Van Arden's letter, that we were out on a hunt one day, about six miles from our camp, when an incident occurred, the remembrance of which, even at this distance of time, begets a nervous excitement, and makes my hand uneasy as I write of it.

The country was wild, rugged and broken, though by no means hilly, densely wooded, with settlements distant from each other; and all kinds of game peculiar to that region were abundant.

At about noon, we had taken a position on the summit of a sharp ridge, the right hand side of which as we faced up stream, formed the left bank of the Tippecanoe, and was an abrupt, rocky ledge, some twenty feet perpendicular; the stream at this point, being about a hundred and twenty yards wide, deep, and having a sluggish current, full of whirlpools and eddies.

The opposite shore was a low shelly rock, with a little narrow strip of sand beach between its base and the water. All along that side, the trees grew close out to the ledge, which was no more than six or seven feet high.

The bank we were on had a flat, level crown, perhaps fifteen feet in width, along the centre of which as we faced up stream, formed the left bank of the Tippecanoe, and was an abrupt, rocky ledge, some twenty feet perpendicular; the stream at this point, being about a hundred and twenty yards wide, deep, and having a sluggish current, full of whirlpools and eddies.

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hope to know with her. He found himself regarding his age, and fervently praying that the blood of youth would bound strongly his veins once more. For youth would be her portion for many years to come, and the robust bloom of womanhood, especially with such a physique, would be hers when he was grey-haired and much decrepit.

The train moved very slow to him. It was useless his asking himself "what matter a little more waiting to one who has waited for years?" The "little more waiting" that was rendered a necessity by space intervening, by space alone! then God, he said almost aloud, was more bitterly hard to bear than ought had been for years. He so longed to lift the sorrow from the young heart, and the cloud from the young eyes that had been the one to light and the other to bright when first they turned towards him.

His greatest, his only ambition, now, was to have a home where Theo would be also, and to be at rest with her. Had this indecision, which was but just removed from him, been lifted away from him years ago while youth and the desire to do something, to make a stir in the world, had still been his, he might have striven and failed, and been more embittered than he was as things were. So he looked leniently back upon that long series of desultory attempts to do so little, that when these attempts failed he scarcely marked the failure of them. Failure on a larger field might have driven him down into depths from whence there would have been no arising—into depths from which he told himself now no man could have arisen to Theo Leigh. Therefore he felt leniently towards that long inactive career which sometimes he had regretted while still leading it, and thought that, as that inactivity had led him into comparatively little evil, so now, after it, he was fairly entitled to nurse the sole ambition left to him—to cherish, and dwell upon, and yearn to realize the vision of the peaceful, quiet, loving life which should be his with Theo.

Harold Ffrench walked fast when he got out of the train at Hensley, walked fast as a man is apt to walk when he has something pleasant to do and is in haste to do it. He was in mourning, in such mourning as a man can go into at once in those sombrely clothed days without making any material change in his dress. But there was no mourning in his face, and none in his heart. He was a brighter, happier man than he had been for long years; and he was a better man, too, as is often the case when one is happier.

He was in broad charity with all men except David Linley, whose heart even then, in that happy, genial hour, he could have torn from his breast and flung to perdition without compunction. But for the rest of the world, he had such glowing kindly feelings, such a wealth of toleration, such a mighty sympathy.

"What days we'll have together!" he said aloud to himself, as he got into the Maddington grounds, and walked along even faster than before, impetuous to announce himself, and then go on to Theo. "Dear little thing! she who was satisfied with the prospect over those bleak, hard marches, while I talked to her of better things and more luscious scenes; to take her where I have been myself, and see her whole soul leaping towards me while I tell her what I was suffering then. It is worth having lived for this; it will be no bad reward for the hell I have known."

Fast and even faster along the avenue, with many of the hopes that were his in his long-leaf youth coming back to him, and crowding tumultuously through his brain. Resuming all unconsciously the very gait that had been his in youth, carrying his head more buoyantly, his hands in his pockets more carelessly, his heart in his breast more blithely than ever he had done since that day when he had stood on the deck of the English frigate and lifted the Greek girl's veil.

So on to the house where he seemed to be expected, and wished, and waited for, in a manner that was very pleasant to behold, especially by Ethel, who had never been wont to be demonstrative towards him. But now she came forward through the whole length of the oak parlor when he entered it and found her there alone, and gladly made him welcome, telling him how happy she was to see him, and how much they all had been and were wanting him, in tones that had the genuine ring of the metal.

"That's very good of you," he replied. "I'll hear what you want me for when I come back. I'm just going over to Hensley."

"Oh! do wait a little," Ethel began earnestly.

He shook his head—he was in no mood for more waiting; he had been waiting for years for much, for months for this very thing which now he was about to make his own.

"I shall be back before long," he answered, thinking the while that it would be extremely probable that he should be nothing of the kind; "but I have something to do, and I must go and do it at once."

He was about to leave the room as he spoke, but Ethel checked him.

"Mr. Ffrench, do stop."

He stopped and went back to her, and she held out her hand; and when he gave his she held it fast.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh! it's about Frank. Do sit down, and I will tell you; but you mustn't be impatient, will you?"

"I will try not to be impatient, if you will try to tell me quickly."

"Se I will; as if your Hensley business, which is probably about a gun, or a dog, or a saddle, couldn't wait! I always find, when men have particular business down at Hensley, that it's at the farrier's or the vet's."

"Mine is neither; however, go on."

"Well, then; you know what a dear boy Frank is, and that papa is often just a little perverse with him?"

Harold Ffrench nodded and asked:

"Has he snatched the Baron again?"

"Oh, no—nothing bad; he has only fallen in love."

"Ay, and with whom?"

He had no suspicion, not the faintest shadow, as to what her answer would be, and Ethel had none either as to how it would touch him.

"He has fallen desperately in love, poor boy, and proposed, and been accepted, a thing papa has always been wishing him to do if the girl was nice; and here now, when they are both tremendously in love, and the girl can be nicer than Theo Leigh, papa—What's the matter?"

He had not started, or snatched his chest, or his forehead, or fistened, or gone ghostly white, or given any other indications of alarm.

He had merely flushed; a strong man's flush of disappointed passion and cruel jealousy is no pleasant sight to witness.

"What's the matter?" Ethel repeated warningly.

"Nothing; an old wound that I'm apt to feel after exertion; go on."

"Well, Frank—but I didn't know you had ever been wounded!"

"Long ago, and it was to death I thought at the time. Go on."

"It was to death now—the death of all good within him, but he would bear to the end."

"Well, Frank can't get papa's consent to their engagement—it's cruel to him and to her too, poor girl, but if you—"

"Are they so devotedly attached to each other?" Harold Ffrench interrupted bitterly.

"I believe they are, and you can't wonder at it; any girl would be sure to be won by Frank if he tried to win her; he has every quality to attract and endear him to a woman; do, speak to papa, Mr. Ffrench," she went on earnestly, "he promises to be influenced by you; and even if you don't care for Frank, you like Miss Leigh, so just think of what she must have been suffering all these days—with her temperament to be subjected to such a mortifying uncertainty."

"She shall know no further suffering if I can avert it; I will go to your father at once."

"That's good of you; before you go to Hensley?" she added inquiringly.

"Yes, before I go to Hensley; in fact, my Hensley business was very unimportant."

He was sitting now with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped together, and his head bent down low as though he were gazing earnestly at the pattern on the carpet. Miss Ethel, looking at him, marked the deadening influence that seemed to have come over him suddenly, and also for the first time observed the black clothes.

"I have been so selfishly interested in dear Frank's affairs that I didn't see—" she began hesitatingly, then she added more rapidly, "I fear you have lost some friend since we saw you."

"Yes, I have heard from your daughter that he has engaged himself to Miss Leigh. On my life I can't consider it a folly on her part."

Once more Lord Lesborough forgot the effect of his mental excitement; he took his leg down from the rest and planted both feet firmly on the ground.

"You're about right, perhaps," he said; "the girl is more foolish still to have imagined for an instant that I should permit the thing to go on."

Harold Ffrench stood silently looking down on his old friend with a glowing face and steady eyes for a few seconds. At last he said, holding his hand out to Lord Lesborough as he spoke,

"You have treated me as your son for years, and I am very grateful for the love you have shown me for my mother's sake; Heaven knows your unwavering friendship has been the only light in a previously black career; but if wrong or insult is offered to Theo Leigh at your instigation or from a member of your family, I shall banish that solitary light, and say good-bye to you and Maddington for ever."

"Are you mad, Harold?" Lord Lesborough asked, wonderingly.

"God knows I have enough to make me mad. No; I think I'm sane enough now. Come, Lord Lesborough," he continued abruptly, "grant me this favor—let your grandson be happy with that girl, who is far too noble for him, or for any other man that I know."

"It's not the match he should make," Lord Lesborough replied, shaking his head and rubbing his leg.

"Not the match he should make; I agree with you in the letter, but not in the spirit. What do you want him to marry? Not money, I know. She has no rank certainly, but she is a gentlewoman born and bred, and she has a heart of gold; if it is set upon your grandson now" (he gave a gulp over the words,) "don't try it, for God's sake."

"You speak very warmly of the young lady," Lord Lesborough said. "One would think—"

"Stop! don't 'think' about it," Harold interrupted. "I will tell you why I speak so warmly of the young lady, and when you have heard it you will put no obstacles in the way your grandson is going if you're the man I take you to be."

Then Mr. Ffrench sat down, and in a low voice, for his heart was heavy, he told the man who had loved his mother the story of that first meeting down on the bleak marshes, the love that grew out of that meeting, the constraint, the suffering, the blight that ensued, and lastly the cause of that constraint and suffering, and its recent removal.

"If this was broken off you might have her still," Lord Lesborough said somewhat huskily.

"Have her still, after she has found out her first mistake, and loved another man according to her years! God bless her, no. It is natural that this should have come about. Let her be happy at last."

"If she can be happy with that boy after you," Lord Lesborough said, somewhat scowfully. "However, I won't interfere; and you will come to Maddington as usual while I live, won't you?"

Soon after this, Harold Ffrench went away, and late that evening Theo Leigh received a note from Ethel containing warm congratulations from the whole family, and a promise of coming to call on her (Theo) the following day.

"Is he?" Harold Ffrench replied, sarcastically.

"Miss Leigh will, without doubt, repay him for his anguish."

Then he went off to speak to Lord Lesborough; but had he known the true cause of Frank's pallor and touchiness, he would have, even at the risk of seeming to play Frank false, have carried out his original intention and gone over to Theo at once.

Lord Lesborough was sitting by the fire in his study with a table covered with bills by his side, and a portentous frown of calculation on his forehead. The bills were all duly docketed, and they were all paid; therefore at first sight the frown appeared to be a work of supererogation on the part of his noble brow. But they had a mission, those bills, and they were fulfilling it. They had been incurred by Frank at divers periods of his career, and they had been asidiously looked up this morning by Lord Lesborough in order to feed the flame of his wrath against his grandson. One of Lord Lesborough's legs was extended straight out before him, too, after the manner of one who is suffering from the gout.

"What more does Ethel say?" Frank asked.

"Not much," Theo replied.

"Let me see," he said; then she handed it to him, and he read, "Harold Ffrench came down for a short time to-day, and won a most complete consent from papa; it seems he has a great admiration for you, Miss Theo, and he has quite succeeded in making papa share the feeling."

"Curse him for interfering," Frank thought, as he gave the letter back.

AN ARMY'S MARCH.—General Sherman's army, in its last march to meet Johnston, would, if it occupied a single road, require 125 miles of road to stretch itself upon. The wagon trains of this army cannot march on less than forty miles of road. Its batteries will cover seven miles, its ambulances five. It carries 1,800,000 rations of bread, the same amount of sugar, and the same of salt. Eight hundred wagon loads of bread and 8,600,000 rations of coffee are provided for the trip, and for a few days' rations of salt meat, 375,000 pounds are deemed a fair allowance. The single item of ammunition requires one thousand wagons—train of itself nearly twelve miles long. The men, in four, could not march when well closed up on less than twenty-five miles of road. Two thousand five hundred pack mules follow its regimental train, between the stops of the train, to accommodate him in the cars. Hence the extra precaution, above mentioned, regarding the telegraph.

In due time the train with Mr. Lincoln reached Washington, and he being safe there, the officers, as previously instructed, sent a dispatch to "the gentleman" that "the parcel of documents had been delivered." The public, and, above all, the conspirators, awoke on the morning of the 24th to be astonished with the intelligence that Mr. Lincoln had arrived in Washington. It may be well to mention here that the story of his

THE FIRST PLOT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

(FROM THE "PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.")

disguise in a "Scotch cap" and cloak was untrue. He wore his ordinary travelling cap, and was in no sense of the word disguised.

We have given this narrative as we received it, assured that in no essential particular can it vary from the circumstantial account of "the gentleman" to whose precautions, we believe, may be properly attributed the frustration of the first plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln.

In confirmation of the view that this plot was within the knowledge of certain eminent secessionists in Washington, it may be stated that a gentleman, who was a member of the "Peace Convention," then in session, heard one of the Southern members exclaim, when Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington was mentioned, "My God! how did he get here!" The surprise was too significant to be mistaken, when afterwards remembered and associated with other circumstances.

Presidential Succession.

The death of President Lincoln naturally excited an interest in the manner of choosing successors to the Presidency under extraordinary circumstances. Article II, section 5, of the Constitution provides for such emergencies as follows:—

"In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the Vice President, and the Congress may, by law, provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected."

In accordance with the power delegated to Congress by this provision, an act was passed March 1, 1792, the following sections of which embody the details of the manner in which such vacancies are filled:—

Section 9. That in case of a removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the President and Vice President of the United States, the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, and, in case there shall be no President of the Senate, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for the time being, shall act as President of the United States, until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

Section 10. That whenever the offices of President and Vice President shall both become vacant, the Secretary of State shall forthwith cause a notification thereof to be made to the Executive of every State, and shall also cause the same to be published in, at least, one of the newspapers printed in each State, specifying that electors of the President of the United States shall be appointed or chosen in the several States, within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December then next ensuing: *Provided*, There shall be the space of two months between the date of such notification and the said first Wednesday in December; but there shall not be the space of two months between the date of such notification and the first Wednesday in December, and if the term for which the President and Vice President last in office were elected shall not expire on the third day of March next ensuing, then the Secretary of State shall specify in the notification that the electors shall be appointed or chosen within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December in the year next ensuing, within which time the electors shall accordingly meet and give their votes on the said first Wednesday in December, and the proceedings and duties of the said electors and others shall be pursuant to the directions prescribed in this Act.

It will be remembered that some time before

Lord Lesborough set out from his home for Washington, his intended route thither was published.

A part of the programme was that he should visit Harrisburg and Philadelphia. We believe that Mr. Lincoln was not advised especially of any personal danger until he was about to go to Harrisburg, and then, at the instance of the gentleman referred to, he was urged to proceed without delay to Washington. He replied, however, that he had promised the people of Harrisburg to answer their invitation, and he would do so if it cost him his life. He accordingly visited Harrisburg on the 22d of February, 1861. It was intended he should rest there that evening. But under the management of the "gentleman," another arrangement was effected.

The night train from Philadelphia to Baltimore and Washington departs at half-past ten o'clock in the evening. It was determined that Mr. Lincoln should go secretly by that train on the evening of the 23d; and to enable him to do so, a special train was provided to bring him secretly from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. After dark, in the former city, when it was presumed he had retired to his hotel, he accordingly took this special train, and came to Philadelphia. Meanwhile, in anticipation of his coming, the "gentleman" had ensured the detention of the Philadelphia and Baltimore trains, under the pretence that a parcel of important documents for one of the Departments in Washington must be despatched by it, but which might not be ready until after the regular time of the starting of that train. By a similar representation, the connecting train from Baltimore to Washington was also detained. Owing to the late hour at which the special train left Harrisburg with Mr. Lincoln, it did not, as was anticipated, reach this city until after the usual Philadelphia and Baltimore time. Mr. Lincoln was accompanied by the officers who had been employed in Baltimore. A formidable bundle of old railroads reports had been made up in the office of the Philadelphia and Baltimore company, which the officer, duly instructed, had charge of. On the arrival of the Harrisburg train, Mr. Lincoln took a carriage in waiting, and with his escort was driven to the depot at Broad and Prince streets. The officer made some ostentatious bustle, arriving with his parcel for which the train was detained, and passing through the depot, entered the cars, Mr. Lincoln in his company. As Mr. Lincoln passed through the gate, the man attending it remarked

"Old fellow, it's well for you the train was detained to-night, or you wouldn't have gone in it." No one aboard the train but the agent of Mr. Lincoln's company and the officer knew of Mr. Lincoln's being in it. He was conducted to a sleeping car, and thus was kept out of the way of observation.

To guard against any possible communication by telegraph at this time, the circuit was broken, to be united when it would be safe to do so.

The plan of the conspirators was to break or burn one of the bridges north of Baltimore at the time of Mr. Lincoln's anticipated approach on the following day; and, in the confusion incident to the stoppage of the train, to assassinate him in the cars. Hence the extra precaution, above mentioned, regarding the telegraph.

"Well," said the President, "you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important."

"Why do you think so?" said the General.

Additional Testimony in Regard to the ASSASSINATION.

The following affidavits have a most important bearing on the recent tragedy. As they were drawn up with great care, and are in the form of legal evidence, they will be read with interest. They are published with a view to prevent all misapprehension or doubt which herefore may have existed in regard to the sad event:—

AFFIDAVIT OF MAJOR RATHBONE.

District of Columbia, City of Washington, April 29, 1865.—Henry R. Rathbone, brevet Major in the Army of the United States, being duly sworn, says: That on the 14th day of April, instant, at about twenty minutes past eight o'clock, in the evening, he, with Miss Clara H. Harris, left his residence, at the corner of Fifteenth and H streets, and joined the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and went with them, in their carriage, to Ford's Theatre, in Tenth street; the box assigned to the President is in the second tier, on the right hand side of the audience, and was occupied by the President and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and the deponent, and by no other person; the box is entered by passing from the front of the building in the rear of the dress circle to a small entry or passage way, about eight feet in length and four feet in width. This passage way is entered by a door, which opens on the inner side.

The door is so placed as to make an acute angle between it and the wall behind it on the inner side. At the inner end of this passage way is another door, standing squarely across, and opening into the box. On the left hand side of the passage way, and very near the inner end, is a third door, which also opens into the box. This latter door was closed. The party entered the box through the door at the end of the passage way. The box is so constructed that it may be divided into two by a movable partition, one of the doors described leading into each. The front of the box is about ten or twelve feet in length, and in the centre of the railing is a small pillar, overhanging with a curtain. The depth of the box, from front to rear, is about nine feet. The elevation of the box above the stage, including the railing, is about ten or twelve feet.

When the party entered the box, a cushioned arm chair was standing at the end of the box furthest from the stage and nearest to the audience. This was also the nearest point to the door by which the box is entered. The President seated himself in the chair, and except that he once left the chair for the purpose of putting on his overcoat, remained so seated until he was shot. Mr. Lincoln was seated in a chair between the President and the pillar in the centre, above described. At the opposite end of the box, that nearest the end of the stage, were two chairs. In one of these, standing in the corner, Miss Harris was seated. At her left hand, and along the wall running from that end of the box to the rear, stood a small sofa. At the end of this sofa, next to Miss Harris, this deponent was seated. The distance between this deponent and the President, as they were sitting, was about seven or eight feet, and the distance between this deponent and the door was about the same. The distance between the President, as he sat, and the door was about four or five feet. The door, according to the recollection of this deponent, was not closed during the evening.

When the second scene of the third act was being performed, and while this deponent was intently observing the proceedings upon the stage, with his back toward the door, he heard the discharge of a pistol behind him, and looking around saw, through the smoke, a man between the door and the President. At the same time deponent heard him shout some words, which deponent thinks was "Freedom!" This deponent instantly sprang towards him and seized him; he wrested himself from the grasp and made a violent thrust at the breast of deponent with a large knife. Deponent parried the blow by striking it up, and received a wound several inches deep in his left arm, between the elbow and the shoulder. The orifice of the wound is about 1½ inches in length, and extends upwards towards the shoulder, several inches. The man rushed to the front of the box, and deponent endeavored to seize him again, but only caught his clothes as he was leaping over the railing of the box. The clothes, as deponent believes, were torn in his attempt to seize him. As he went over upon the stage deponent cried out with a loud voice, "Stop that man!" Deponent then turned to the President; his position was not changed; his head was slightly bent forward, and his eyes were closed. Deponent saw that he was unconscious, and supposing him mortally wounded, rushed to the door for the purpose of calling medical aid. On reaching the outer door of the passage way as above described, deponent found it barred by a heavy piece of plank, one end of which was secured in the wall, and the other resting against the door. It had been so securely fastened that it required considerable force to remove it. This wedge or bar was about four feet from the floor. Persons upon the outside were beating against the door for the purpose of entering. Deponent removed the bar, and the door was opened. Several persons who represented themselves to be surgeons were allowed to enter. Deponent saw there Col. Crawford, and requested him to prevent other persons from entering the box. Deponent then returned to the box, and found the surgeons examining the President's person. They had not yet discovered the wound. As soon as it was discovered, it was determined to remove him from the theatre. He was carried out, and this deponent then proceeded to assist Mrs. Lincoln, who was intensely excited, to leave the theatre. On reaching the head of the stairs, deponent requested Major Potter to aid him in assisting Mrs. Lincoln across the street to the house to which the President was being conveyed. The wound which deponent had received had been bleeding very profusely, and on reaching the house, feeling very faint from the loss of blood, he seated himself in the hall, and soon after fainted away, and was laid upon the floor. Upon the return of consciousness deponent was taken in a carriage to his residence.

In the review of the transaction, it is the confident belief of this deponent that the time which elapsed between the discharge of the pistol and the time when the assassin leaped from the box did not exceed thirty seconds. Neither Mrs. Lincoln nor Miss Harris had left the house.

H. R. RATHBONE.

Justice Supreme Court, D. C.

AFFIDAVIT OF MRS. HARRIS.

District of Columbia, City of Washington, April 29, 1865.—Clara H. Harris, being duly sworn, says that she has read the foregoing affidavit of Major Rathbone, and knows the contents thereof; that she was present at Ford's Theatre with the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and Major Rathbone, on the evening of the 14th of April, inst.; that at the time she heard the discharge of the pistol she was attentively engaged in observing what was transpiring upon the stage, and looking round, she saw Major Rathbone spring from his seat and advance to the opposite side of the box; that she saw him engaged as if in a struggle with another man, but the spoke with which he was enveloped prevented this deponent from seeing distinctly the other man; that the first time she saw distinctly was when he leaped from the box upon the stage; that she then heard Major Rathbone cry out, "Stop that man!" and this deponent then immediately repeated the cry, "Stop that man! Won't somebody stop that man?" A moment after some one from the stage asked, "What is it?" or "What is the matter?" and deponent replied, "The President is shot." Very soon after, two persons, one wearing the uniform of a naval surgeon, and the other that of a soldier of the Veteran Reserve Corps, came upon the stage, and the deponent assisted them in climbing up to the box.

And this deponent further says that the facts stated in the foregoing affidavit, so far as the same come to the knowledge or notice of this deponent, are accurately stated therein.

CLARA H. HARRIS.
Subscribed and sworn before me this 18th day of April, 1865.
A. B. OLIN,
Justice Supreme Court, D. C.

1865. A lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, with an original posy by Sir Philip Sidney on receiving it, has lately been found in an old folio volume of the Arcadia, at Walton, in England. The hair in color is golden brown.

1865. We have heard much of the power of a woman's eye, but the eyelids are still more powerful; they can wink down a reputation.

1865. "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retarding lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitation. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestval, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Flowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Evans, Mr. THOMAS J. MARSH to Miss AMALIA RECKMAN, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Sam'l Durbow, Mr. JOHN H. FRANKLIN to Miss MARY A. GILSON, and Miss J. Gilson to Miss DAVID W. and Elizabeth Gilson, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. A. Mansfield, Mr. SAMUEL J. SMITH to Mrs. ALICE T. HURST, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, of 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. SAMUEL APPLEGATE to Miss MARY HETHERLOCK, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. C. Walters, Mr. JAMES N. DICK to Miss EMMA COHEN, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Claxton, JOHN B. FONTAINE to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Matthew Cartwright, both of this city.

CO. 1 TOWNS BLESSED is a remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nervous, or rheumatic at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-exertion and care of children. It is a medicine to the system, and acts at all times without injury, and does not interfere with any other medicine.

Principal Druggist, WALTER C. HARRIS, No. 15 Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

1865. GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTH FULL COLOR.

1865. BALMERS PARISIENSIS.

"London" NO. 125 "Dark Color Restorer,"

"London" NO. 126 "Light Color Restorer."

The hair is restored to its original color, and rendered smooth and strengthened, and resists the original color, and resists the heat of the sun, or the cold of winter. Can be applied to the hair or brush, as it does not stain the skin or fill the hair lines. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or \$1.00 half dozen. Sold by DR. SWAYNE & SON, No. 380 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address.

mar-15-1865

1865. THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF EXAMINING THE SKIN.

1865. FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Price 50 cents. By sending 50 cents to DR. SWAYNE & SON, No. 380 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States.

mar-15-1865

1865. AMY IRON VARY PARFAIT. SOFT CREAM.

"Dr. Stouges's All-Healing Ointment,"

"Dr. Stouges's All-Healing Ointment,"

Cures Tetter, Ringworm, Skin Disease, Scars, all Cancers. Price 50 cents. By sending 50 cents to DR. SWAYNE & SON, No. 380 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States.

mar-15-1865

1865. MARRIAGES.

1865. Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Cedarcroft, residence of Bayard Taylor, Chester county, Pa., on Wednesday, April 1865, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas G. Phillips, Charles R. Lamborn, and Miss Lamborn, Col. of the American Cavalry, to Emma, daughter of Jas. Taylor, Esq.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. THOMAS J. MARSH to Miss AMALIA RECKMAN, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Sam'l Durbow, Mr. JOHN H. FRANKLIN to Miss MARY A. GILSON, and Miss J. Gilson to Miss DAVID W. and Elizabeth Gilson, both of this city.

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On

THE CANDY MAN.

A Candy Man Sold.

When Dan Rice visited Kentucky, a few years since, with his circus, he was accompanied, as was, by an experienced division, who displayed their stock of domestic articles under small canopies outside the main tent.

One morning early, Dan Rice was at the town of E., and the candy men soon had their good things exposed to the crowd of boys who surrounded them, and offered "great inducements to purchase." One big, red-headed fellow seemed particularly desirous to outwit his competitor, and cried off his goods in the following manner:

"Here's your nice cakes and candies, and iced lemonades! Ten cents' worth of candy for half a dime! This is the place to get the worth of your money!"

One little fellow, about ten years old, stepped up to the counter and called for ten cents' worth of candy. Having received two "sticks," each half as long as his arm, he deposited a tip and started off.

"Hello!" cried red-head; "you didn't give me enough money."

"Yes, I did," said the youngster. "You said you would give ten cents' worth for five cents."

And off trotted the little wag, laughing in his sleeve at having "sold" the candy man.

Anecdote of Macready.

It was Macready's practice, in the scenes between Hamlet and his mother, wherein the former unwittingly kills Polonius, to take two candlesticks from the table, and rushing behind the scenes, exclaim: "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I took you for your better!" While uttering these words, Macready's servant would pierce his face with a puff, that he might, on his return to the scene, exhibit the ghastly consequent upon the alarming discovery he had made. One night he left the stage in the usual way; but when he got to the wing he discovered, to his consternation, that his servant was absent. The man had been annoyed by his master's violence. Still Macready went on with his speech, intermingling with it calls for the powder puff.

"Thou wretched, (puff!) rash, (puff!) intruding, (puff!) fool, (puff!) farewell! (puff! puff!)"

But the puff was not forthcoming. A wing shifter, or stage carpenter, standing at the wings and hearing the great tragedian calling anxiously for a puff, conceived that Macready wanted some one to puff out the candle, so, coming from his place and exclaiming, "Certainly, sir, he blew out the lights, leaving Hamlet to walk back, disconcerted, with a couple of candlesticks in his hands, whence issued columns of smoke resembling the horizontal streams from the funnels of a steam vessel.

A DANISH LOVER.—Madame Heiberg, a famous actress of Copenhagen, was once engaged to a man quite unfeasted for her, who, amongst his other gifts, possessed a rare amount of avarice. One day, in early spring, the lady and her ungenerous swain were driving, in a hired coach, along an avenue in the park, near Copenhagen. The gentleman, in a fit of unusual ill humor, drove on and on without saying a word. The actress, out of patience, broke silence at last. Opening both the doors of the coach, "Monsieur," she said, "the best plan is to put an end to this. Do you get out of your door—I mean out of mine. Adieu for ever!" Upset at first by the sudden rupture, he reflected an instant, and then seemed to agree to the proposition. "But which of us," he asked, "is to pay the fare?"

DEMOLISHED, BUT NOT SCATTERED.—The Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel has the following good story of a rebel soldier:—A soldier of Bates' division, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accoutrements, and, alone in the woods, sat down and commenced thinking—the first chance he had had for such a thing. Ralling up his sleeves, and looking at his legs and general physique, he thus gave vent to his "phoo-inks":—"I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized; but no man can say I am scattered."

The Old Homestead.

Fathers, take care to preserve the homestead. Sons, preserve the old homestead. It will pay you, if you build another. Think of it. Be slow to sell.

Do you doubt it? Go to Quincy. You see the modest abode of the father of the second President of our Union. Near by is the home of his son. Near by, that of his grandson; and not far off that of our present Minister to the Court of St. James. Near by, that of the present J. Q. Adams.

Nor is the old home unprofitable. The skillful tenant makes the soil productive to himself and owners. But there is a greater profit. There is a retreat from the storms of life. It is safe. It is inspiring—rest. At it again.

Said the preserver of an old home in Bristol county, "It does me good to go and review old memories." Is he the only one who has been benefited? Have the homes of the elder Adams and his descendants no power to revive memories? to furnish incentives to great and noble actions?

Keep the homestead. Beautify it. Let the paint be fresh, the halls and rooms attractive, the old libraries cared for, trees flourishing, the walnut, butternut and apple. Every time posterity looks at it, they will think of bygone virtues to be reproduced in children's children, and then produce them. Trees may die. Not family virtues.

THE HAIR.—Buff hair is sometimes the sign of obstinacy, sleek locks denote patience, a curly head is always accompanied by wit and a love of pleasure. Boldness is the sign of an active mind, unless the bold man brash his back hair forward to cover the front; that is the mark of a mean and vulgar spirit, or, which is still worse, unless he wears a wig, in which case he must unquestionably be classed among the snobs. Prominent gray hair denotes meanness, continued suffering, whether physical or moral, excessive labor, or dissipation. With regard to those abundant locks which time is powerless to blemish, they are the badge of an even disposition, and of a moderate intellect.

"You men are a sweet-as-sac," said a comical young lady.



HOW TO DO IT.

Podors (who considers himself rather a lady-killer).—"Oh, I'm not going into that empty carriage; put me into one with some pretty girls."

POSTER.—"You jump in, sir, and put your head out of the window, you'll soon have a carriage full."

[Podgers sees it immediately, and enters.

MAKE-SHIFT FURNITURE.

BY EMMA W.

A New York girl, brought up amidst all the luxuries that affluence bestows, was called on, by reasons which none could censure, to change the gay conventionalities of life for the lot of a poor man's wife, and the scant comforts of a settler's home. "Give me boards, barrels, hammer, and nails," she said, "and I could furnish a house, and comfortably too."

And so she might; for many a scantily-furnished abode, above the standard of a backwoods log-hut, has been made more comfortable than it would otherwise have been with the addition to its appointments of make-shift furniture; not that any person need reasonably despise bought furniture—I do not by any means—but circumstances in life do occur to many under which they may be glad to make home comfortable by invention in the temporary or permanent absence of that good substitute for it—money.

A barrel will make a very good chair of novel and comfortable form. Saw away half the front, (first nailing the hoops securely), leave the back its full height, and with the aid of the saw form the sides into arms. Then fix a seat of wood; place on that a thick, well-filled cushion, with raised sides; pad the back and arms, and cover all with chintz, moire, or any material you may happen to have. Very tolerable seats, ottomans, and settees of various shapes and sizes, may be made of boxes, with cushions on them, and full curtains of furniture print hanging round their sides. For those who have to crowd into rooms too small to accommodate an adequate supply of wardrobes and chests of drawers, the interiors of such boxes will prove very convenient; and many who cannot command the luxury of a property made, might improvise one from a box and cushions, and glean a rich harvest of satisfaction in the ease and rest settling on the worn features of some dear relative or friend reposing on its soft cushions, and the kindness that made them together.

OUR FRIEND THE CASK, TOO, MAY BE MADE TO SERVE FOR A WASHSTAND, WHICH, ALTHOUGH HUMBLE, WILL BE MUCH BETTER THAN NONE. Fix a square or octagon-shaped board on the top of the barrel, nail round it a curtain to hang down to the floor, and cut in it a circular hole for the basin, or not, according to fancy. To utilize the interior of the barrel, some staves in front, under the curtain, may be taken away, and a shelf fixed half-way up. Where two or more persons occupy one room, a screen for the washstand may be made with a simple frame like a folding clothes-horse, and covered with either print or paper.

THE more idle a rumor is, the busier it generally is.

AGRICULTURAL.

Rural Economy.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have no very clear recollection of the last remarks made, though I have an impression there was something about fences in them—well—no matter. There are several things yet to be said respecting rural economy, that some one ought to say, and several others take heed to.

I do not purpose preaching from *Agricultural* texts, and in the discussion of rural improvements consecutively. Mechanically speaking, I intend to how to the line here and there, letting the chips fly where they will. So let us briefly resume the

PRICES.

Were I the proprietor of five, fifteen, fifty, or five hundred acres of wooden, Western territory, where burning up in the field good saw logs and capital fencing timber is the rule, I would never lay a single length of the heathenish abomination, known as "worm," "Virginia," or rail fence. Let us play at "practicals" for a few moments.

We lay up a Virginia worm fence in new countries, on the score of economy. Let us look into that economy—rails, say thirteen feet long, laid at an angle of 35 deg. One foot off at either end for lap. Draw a line from corner to corner, measure down into the angle, and we have a depth of five and a-half feet nearly.

If the "stake and rider" rule is observed, which is almost always necessary, two and a-half feet more is surrendered to the stakes, making a breadth of a good eight feet, cleared, to be given up in the first fencing to worse than abominable waste—to become the vantage ground of briars, brambles, and noxious weeds, which

disfigure our boundaries, and scatter annually their millions of pestilential seeds, seriously interfering with our husbandry and the growth of legitimate crops, necessitating at some time a second clearing of the ground at an expense equal to the first.

Besides these disadvantages, we have absolutely thrown away, in a forty acre farm, bisected into ten acre fields, very nearly seven acres of arable land, cleared at an average ex-

pense of \$17 per acre, and which in cultivation would net us yearly sixty acres—\$77 per acre in the aggregate, \$559, a sum sufficient to fence our forty acres, once in every eleven months, with a neat, efficient, post and rail fence, to which we can cultivate within eighteen inches; besides saving ourselves eighty per cent. of labor in exterminating weeds, now annually from our propagating fence corners.

COSMO.

What is an Inch of Rain?

The last weekly return of the Registrar-General, gives the following interesting information in respect to rainfall: "Rain fell in London to the amount of 0.43 inches, which is equivalent to 46 tons of rain per acre. The rainfall during last week was from 50 tons per acre in Edinburgh, to 115 tons per acre in Glasgow. An English acre consists of 6,273,640 square inches; and an inch deep of rain on an acre yields 6,273,640 cubic inches of water, which at 277,274 cubic inches to the gallon, makes 22,622.5 gallons; and, as a gallon of distilled water weighs 10 lbs., the rainfall on an acre is 226,275 lbs. avoirdupois; but 2,340 lbs. are a ton, and consequently an inch deep of rain weighs nearly 101 tons per acre. For every 100th of an inch a ton of water falls per acre." If any agriculturist were to try the experiment of distributing artificially that which nature so bountifully supplies, he would soon feel inclined to rest and be thankful.—*English Paper.*

THE RIDDLE.

MOULTRIE AREA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters. My 1, 9, 20, 20, 14, 10, 27, 8, 26, was a celebrated French voyager.

My 23, 7, 8, 26, 20, 2, 15, 25, 27, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 4, 15, 7, 4, 14, 22, 5, 23, is a race of men in Europe.

My 24, 5, 20, 2, 12, 23, is a species of Black Sea.

My 22, 16, 20, 2, 15, 16, 14, 20, is a strait of Europe.

My 11, 6, 26, 2, is a Spanish title.

My 20, 20, 19, 4, 4, 17, 18, 25, is a species of oak.

My whole is the name and occupation of a celebrated discoverer of the middle ages.

Phidias. HARRY O'DANNIR.

Charnde.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When a maiden is asked, for the first time, to wed, She is apt to be bashful, and hang down her head; Because she's my first; but she's not to blame, Now, ladies, I've no doubt you'd all do the same.

When a man "pouts on air," on account of his riches, Who despises a man who wears corduroy breeches; Nor honor nor virtue by him are much reckoned, I delight to have him have his pride brought my second.

My whole is a place of modern renown;

'Tis not a large city, nor yet a great town; Its praises are told in song and in story, And the soldiers who fought there are covered with glory.

Tullahoma, Tenn. GAHMEW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in-toast, but not in bread.

My 2d is in hat, but not in cap.

My 3d is in there, but not in that.

My 4th is in rat, but not in cat.

My 5th is in east, but not in north.

My 6th is in ink, but not in pen.

My 7th is in sight, but not in right.

My 8th is in them, but not in those.

My 9th is oats, but not in grain.

My 10th is in tea, also in toast.

My 11th is in heat, but not in cold.

My 12th is in if, but not in and.

My 13th is in note, but not in letter.

My 14th is in good, but not in bad.

My 15th is in end, but not in borrow.

My 16th is in inch, but not in foot.

My 17th is in look, but not in see.

My 18th is in meat, but not in butter.

My 19th is in tent, but not in house.

My 20th is in much, but not in little.

My 21st is in beet, but not in carrot.

My 22d is in love, but not like.

My 24th is in mite, but not in mote.

My 25th is in tarts, but not in pie.

My 26th is in rule, but not in precept.

My 27th is in ool, but not in fab.

My whole is a beautiful saying.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Omit my 3d and 4th, and I am a dessert,

Omit my 1st, and I am a kind of grain.

My whole is a rebel general. YATES.

Keokuk, Iowa.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I made myself a large earthen hollow vessel, whose inner hollow was in the shape of a sphere; of which, however, the upper part, or a segment thereof, was cut away level, to make an opening into it, just large enough to admit into it a solid round heavy ball, or sphere, which sphere I thus placed inside of the first and hollow vessel, and filled up the remaining space thereof with water. When I found that this space just exactly held 10 gallons, wine measure, each gallon taken at 231 cubic inches, and also that the inland ball, while it, with its lowest point, touched the lowest point of the vessel, was just of such magnitude and diameter that its upper point was just covered with the water, while at the same time the first-named vessel was thus just filled to the brim. Three questions arise in this problem:—1. What was the whole capacity of the vessel? 2. What was the diameter of the inland ball? 3. And 3. Supposing the inland ball is taken from out of the water, to what depth will the water be left standing in the lower part of the said vessel?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Knoxville, Snyder Co., Pa.